

THE JASPER WEEKLY COURIER.

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CLEMENT DOANE.
OFFICE—CORNER OF MACDONALD AND
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For Township offices, each, \$1 00
For County " " 2 00
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JOHN BAKER, A. J. BECKETT,
Vincennes, Ind. Jasper, Ind.
BAKER & BECKETT,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

WILL practice in the Dubois Circuit and
Common Pleas Courts. Particular at-
tention paid to collections. June 20.

D. T. LAIRD, W. C. ADAMS,
Rockport, Ind. Jasper, Ind.
LAIRD & ADAMS
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

WILL continue the practice in Dubois
Circuit and Common Pleas Courts.—
Particular attention given to stranding
and settling up Guardians and decedent estates.
W. C. Adams, will punctually attend, all
business entrusted to him in Justice's courts.
OFFICE—on McDonald, between Main
and West streets. Feb. 8, 1860-y

J. T. Dewees,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PETERSBURGH, IND.
WILL give prompt attention to all busi-
ness entrusted to his care in Pike and
adjoining counties. Nov. 2.

RUDOLPHUS SMITH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
JASPER, INDIANA,
WILL attend promptly to any business
entrusted to him in any of the courts
of Dubois county. Office at the corner of
McDonald and — streets. mar 12

W. H. DeWolf,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PETERSBURGH, INDIANA.
Will attend all terms of the courts in Dubois
county. January 25th 1860-v

BRUNO BUETTNER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Land and Insurance
agent. Office at the Court House, Jas-
per, Ind. 49y.

SEBASTIAN KUEBLER,
WAGON, COACH, PLOW AND HARROW
MANUFACTURER,
CORNER OF NEWTON & LAWRENCE STREETS,
Jasper, Indiana.

Would re-
spectfully in-
form the pub-
lic that he is now prepared to do all kinds of
work in his line, in the best style. Purchas-
ers will do well to call and examine his
stock and work, as he is satisfied he can
please them.
Blacksmithing and repairing of all kinds
attended to promptly. mh7-y*

**Carpenter, House-Builder,
Cabinet-Maker.**
THE undersigned
begs leave to in-
form all those in
need of anything in his line, that
he has just finished a new shop on the
corner of McDonald and West streets,
where he is prepared to do all kinds of
Carpentering, or cabinet-making on reason-
able terms. He solicits a share of public
patronage, and feels sure he can give satis-
faction.
Oct. 26-y. JOHN BUCHART.

NOW IS YOUR TIME TO GET
GOOD BARGAINS!
A FINE selection of Fall and Winter
Goods, suitable for the market, just re-
ceived and for sale cheaper than ever
Oct. 17, at the CHEAP CASH STORE.
A FINE assortment of Shoes, axes,
Hatchets, German steel hoes, wash-
boards, sashes, wooden buckets, and all kinds
of Groceries, for sale at the
June 13. CHEAP CASH STORE.

[From the Louisville Journal.]

Hopes and Fears.
Our hopes are like the wreaths of foam
That glitter on each shining wave,
When with a gushing sound they come
The white and thirsty beach to lave.
The waters lave—the ripples gleam
A moment on the silent shore,
And vanish as the hope that seem
A moment bright, and are no more.

Seeking for love, or fame, or power,
To the frail threads of life we cling,
For hope will cull a withered flower
And tune a harp with broken string.
And hope will shed a glimmering ray
Of light on pleasure's ruined shrine,
For mouldering columns still look gay
When summer sunbeams o'er them shine.

Though severed be love's magic chain,
Still to its broken charms we trust,
And hope to mend the links again,
When grief has eaten them like rust.
Frail as the bubbles on the beach
That hope may be—a transient beam,
But rest of joy, 'tis sweet to teach
The heart to hush its grief and dream.

Our hopes are like the flowers that bloom
Upon the mountain's verdant side,
That mountain's heart a burning tomb,
Gleff by the lava's scorching tide.
They spring and flourish, fade and die,
Like human hopes—as frail and fair,
While quenchless fires beneath them lie,
Like human passions hidden there.

Our fears are like the clouds that shed
Their gloom across a summer sky;
When life is fairest, some wild dread
Of grief is ever hovering nigh.
The gloom may pass—the shadows fade,
And sunlight only seem to reign,
But still there is a lingering shade,
A fear that clouds will come again.

Where the bright wells of gladness spring,
Hope will the youthful heart decoy,
But fear is hovering there, to sting,
A shadow on the path of joy.
A canker-worm within the fruit,
A serpent in the lunnet's nest,
A secret ever grim and mute
Is fear within the human breast.

A rainbow never spans the sky,
But some dark spirit of the storm,
With sable plume, is hovering nigh,
To watch its soft and fairy form.
Hope never chaunts her angel-song,
Or bids us rest beneath her wing,
But fear with all his phantom throng
Is in the distance hovering.

We seek the laurel-wreath of fame,
And all her fickle favors trust,
To live—perchance without a name,
And find the chaplet turned to dust.
Life wears away, 'mid smiles and tears—
The wedding veil, the funeral toll;
But though overshadowed still by fears,
Hope is the sunlight of the soul.

ROSA.

CANTON PLACE, LA.

HEARTRENDING CASUALTY.—Our commu-
nity were shocked to learn Saturday morning
that the residence of Judge James Thorne,
about five miles from town, was burned on
Friday night, and that Judge T. perished in
the flames. It seems that the fire originated
from a defective chimney. The family were
aroused, and barely succeeded in making
their escape. Judge T. saved a portion of
his furniture and had gone back to procure
his books, papers, &c., which were in an up-
per room, and this was the last seen of him
until his charred and blackened bones were
discovered among the smoldering ruins.—
It is supposed that he was overcome by the
heat and smoke, and thus perished.
Judge Thorne had for many years occu-
pied a prominent position in the county.—
He had filled the office of Probate Judge,
served one session in the Legislature, had
acted as Deputy Sheriff, and was at the time
of his death Swamp Land Commissioner.—
His melancholy end has cast a gloom over
the whole community.—Vincennes Sun.

COTTONING ON SECESSION.—Col. Miles H.
McGehee and Chas. Clark, of Miss., have
each proposed to be one of a hundred to
give one hundred bales of cotton to help
arm the State.

If this isn't the worst world we were
ever in, what makes us all set up a-bawling
the first moment we open our eyes upon it.

Too True.

A correspondent of the Wisconsin Chief
thus sums up the characteristics of human
existence:

"All confidence is lost between man and
man. The bottom has fallen out of every-
thing. Shrewd business managers are
cheating God in their professions, and the
devil in their bargains. Ginger is made out
of mustard, and coffee of chickory. Young
Hyson is raised in the cow-pasture, and
Young America is the dram shop. Pure
wines are made of poor whiskey, and Ha-
vanna's of herbs. Rascality has become a
virtue, and rot gut turned to vinegar. Leg-
islators are marked as merchants mark
goods, and the peoples funds absorbed by
charitable purposes.

Governors are knocked off for \$50,000,
legislators from \$5,000 to \$20,000. Rail-
road stock is down below zero. Canusses
are packed, and young men electioneer on
the Sabbath. Fairbank's scales have taken
to swindling, and old rats sell their tails to
spike cannon. Jewsharps are palmed off
as harps of a thousand strings sportlets of
just men made perfect. Saucages are adul-
terated, and tempting links seem to wag in
the most dogged manner. Our territory as
well as crinoline, is indefinitely expanding.
In fine there are none more truthful than
horse jockeys; none patriotic save the politi-
cians; none talented but those who make
on change of a grocery corner, and cheat
out of the needy what they give the Lord.

THE RIGHT TALK.—The Baltimore Ex-
change pithily observes:

If the North really loves the Union and
Constitution, let her prove her allegiance to
both by cleansing her statute books of her
treason to both instead of discussing the
constitutionality of the defenses which the
South is preparing. Let the North cease
and denounce the attacks which alone cre-
ate the necessity for defense of any sort.

Before New York and Massachusetts
proclaim South Carolina a disunionist, let
them strike out the wedges with which they
themselves have already cloven and are still
cleaving the very heart and liberty of the
constitution. They have no right to de-
mand a fidelity from their brethren which
they are not prepared themselves to yield;
and this is the root of the matter—political
consideration, material interests, old associa-
tions and long habit, may possibly keep
this Republic together as a mere political
combination and a Union in name, for a
long time after it has ceased to be a Union
in spirit. But a Union in the sense in which
our fathers bequeathed and commanded it to
us, it has ceased to be the very moment that
good faith and brotherhood, which are its
cement and aceration, have died out among
its members. This Confederacy was formed
in mutual affection and confidence. It is
but a rope of sand when these shall cease;
it is no Union practically if they have
ceased. It cannot live or last with jealousy
and bad faith in heart and council. It were
as well to talk of domestic unity, with
hated kneeling between brother and brother
at the family altar. Our brethren of the
North, then, may say what they please
about the Union—its ties and blessings; they
may denounce secession, preach coercion,
ridicule revolution and resistance, yet if they
are not prepared like true men to remove the
causes of that peril in which the Union is
trembling, it is they who are the disunion-
ists, and the stain of the future with its sor-
row, if sorrow comes, shall be on them; and
from them we of the South who are with the
South in interest and feeling, and have com-
mon wrongs with her, and have done her no
evil, may summon her to peace and modera-
tion. But the North, we repeat, has no
right to call upon her or reproach her until
the North has done justice first.

Stop the Thieves!!

The citizens of Dover Hill were startled
this morning by the announcement that the
Treasurer's Office had been entered, and the
Safe blown open, and rifled of its contents,
about twenty six hundred dollars in gold and
silver. A search was immediately instituted,
but as yet no clue has been gained as to
the whereabouts of the thieves.

The store house of Noblett and Rogers,
and Z. B. Huffs' Saloon, were both entered
and robbed of small sums of money. From
the manner in which they effected the en-
trance it is evident that they were accom-
panied and expert thieves, and it is not the
first time they have been engaged in the
business.—Martin County Herald.

**Artemus Ward on His Visit to Abe
Lincoln.**

[From Vanity Fair.]
I hiv no politics, Nary a one. I'm not
in the business. If I was I sposed I'd holler
versiffrusly in the streets at nite, and go
home to Betsey Jane smellin of coal fire and
gin in the morning. I should go to Poles
arly. I should stay there all day. I should
see to it that my nabers was thar. I should
git carriges to take the kripples, the infirm
and the indignant thar.

Ther's, havin no politics, I made bold to
visit Old Abe at his humstid in Springfield.
I found the old feller in his parlor, surround-
ed by a perfect swarm of orifice seekers.—
Knowin he had been captin of a flat-boat
on the roarin Mississippi, I thought I'd ad-
dress him in sailor lingo, so sez I, "Old Abe,
shoy! Let out yer mainsails, reef hum the
forecastle & throw yer jib-poop over-board!
Shiver my timbers, my harty!" (N. B.—
This is genuine mariner langwidge. I know
becawz I've seen sailor plays acted out by
them New York theater fellers.) Old Abe,
lookt up quite cross and sez: "Send in yer
petition by & by. I can't possibly look at
it now. Indeed I can't. It's onpossible, sir!"

"Mr. Linkin, who do you spect I sir?"
sez I.

"An orifice seeker, to be sure!" sez he.
"Wall, sir," sez I, "you's never more mis-
taken in your life. You haint got a orifice
I'd take under no circumstances. I'm A.
Ward. Wax figgers is my perfeshun. I'm
the father of twins and they look like me—
both of them. I cum to pay a friendly vis-
it to the President elect of the United States
—If so be you wan a to see me say so—I
not, say so, & I am off like a jug handle."

"Mr. Ward, sit down. I am glad to see
you, sir."
"Repose in Abraham's Buzzum!" sez one
of the orifice seekers, his idee bein to get off
a goak at my expense.

"Wall," sez I, "ef all you fellers repose
in that there Buzzum there'll be mity poor nus-
in for some of you!" Whereupon Old Abe
buttoned his weskit clean up, and blushed
like a maiden of sweet 16. At this pint of
the conversation another swarm of orifice
seekers arose & cum into the parlor. Sum
wanted post orifices, sum wanted collector-
ships, sum wanted furrin missions, and all
wanted sumthin. I thought Old Abe would
go crazy. He hadn't more than time to
shake hands with 'em bef another tremenjic
crowd cum porein onto his premises.

His house and dooryard was now perfectly
overflowed with orifice seekers, all clamorus
for imm-jit intervew with Old Abe. One
man from Ohio, who had about seven inches
of corn whisky in him, mistook me for Old
Abe and address me as "the Prahayrie Flow-
er of the West." Thinks I you wants a
offis putty bad. Another man with a gold
headed cane and red nose told Old Abe he
was "seekind Washington & the Pride of
the Boundless West."

Sez I, "Square, you wouldn't take a small
post-offis if you could git it, would you?"
Sez he, "A patrit is abuv them things,
sir!"

"There's a putty big crop of patrits this
season, ain't there, Square?" sez I, when an-
other crowd of orifice seekers pored in. The
house, door, yard, barn and woodshed was
now all full, and when another crowd cum I
told 'em not to go away for want of room, as
the hog-pen was still empty. One patrit
from a small town in Mishygan went up on
top of the house, got into the chimney and
slid down into the parlor where Old Abe
was endeavorin to keep the hungry pack of
orifice seekers from chawin him up alive with-
out benefit of the clergy. The minit he
reached the fire-place, he jumpt up, brusht
the soot out of his eyes and yelled: "Don't
make eny pintment at the Spunkville post
offis till you've read my papers. All the re-
spectful men in our town is signers to that
there docymint!"

"Good God!" cried Old Abe, "they cum
upon me from the skies—down the chim-
neys, and from the bowels of the yearth!"
He hed'nt more'n got them words out of his
delikit mouth bef tow fat orifice seekers from
Wisconsin, in endeavorin to crawl atween
his legs for the purpos of applyn for a toll-
gateship at Milwaukee, upon the President
elect and he would hev gone sprawlin into
the fire-place if I hadn't caught him in these
arms. But I hadn't more'n stood him up
strate, 'fore another man cum crashin down
the chimney, his head strikin me vilently

agin the inards and prostratin my voluptu-
ous form onto the floor. "Mr. Linkin,"
shoutid the infatocated being, "my papers is
signed by every clergyman in our town, and
likewise the schoolmaster!"

Sez I, "you egrejs aee," gettin up and
brushin the dust from my eyes, "I'll sign
your papers with this bunch of bones, if you
don't be a little more keeful how you make
my bread basket a depot in the futer. How
do you like that air perfumery?" sez I, shov-
ing my fist under his nose. "Them's the
kind of papers I'll give you! Them's the pa-
pers you want!"

"But I workt hard for the ticket; I toiled
night and day! The patrit should be re-
warded!"

"Virtoo," sez I holdin' the infatocated
man by the coat-collar, "Virtoo, sir is its
own reward. Look at me!" He did look
at me, and qualed b-4 my gaze. "The fact
is," I continued, lookin' round upon the
hungry crowd, "there is scencely a orifice for
every lie lamp carrid round durin' this cam-
pane. I wish there was. I wish there was
furrin missions to be filled on vari' lonely
Islands were eppydemice rage incessantly,
and if I was in Old Abe's place I'd send
every mother's son of you to them. What
air you here for?" I continnered, warmin up
considerab'e, "can't you give Abe a minit's
peace! Don't you see he's worrid most to
death! Go home, you miserable men, go
home and till the sile! Go to peddlin tin-
ware—go to choppin wood—go to bilin'
sops—stuff assengers—black boots—git a
clerkship on sum respectable manure cart—
go round as original Swiss Bell Ringers—
becum 'original and only' Campbell Min-
strele—go to lecturin at 50 dollars a nite—
imbark in the peanut bizness—Write for the
Ledger—saw off your legs and go round
given concerts, with techin appeals to a
charitable public, printed on your own hand-
bills—anything for a honest livin', but don't
come round here driven old Abe crazy by
your outrajus cuttings up! Go home.—
Stand not upon the order of your goin', but
go to onet! If in five minits from this time,"

sez I, pullin out my new sixteen dollar
hantin cased watch, and brandelin' it be-
fore their eyes, "Ef in five minits from this
time a single sole of you remains on these
here premises, I'll go to my cage near by,
and let my Boy Constructor loose! and if he
gits among you, you'll think Old Solferino
has cum again no mistake!" You ought to
hev seen them scamper, Mr. Fair. They
run off as the Satun himself was arter them
with a red hot ten pronged pitchfork. In
five minits the premises was clear.

"How kin I ever repay you Mr. Ward, for
your kindness?" sez Old Abe, advancin and
shakin me warmly by the hand. "How kin
I ever repay you, sir!"

"By givin' the whole country a good
sound administration. By pourin' ile upon
the troubled waters, north and South! By
pursooin' a patriotic, firm, and just course,
and then if any State wants to secede,
let 'em Seeces!"

"How 'bout my Cabnet Ministre, Ward?"
sez Abe.

"Fill it up with Showmen, sir! Showmen
is devoid of politics. They haint got a
darn principle! They know how to cater to
the public. They know what the public
wants, North and South. Showmen, sir, is
honest men. Ef you doubt their literay
ability, look at their posters, and see small
bills! Ef you want a Cabinet as is a Cabinet
fill it up with showmen, but don't call on
me. The moral w-x figger perfeshun
mustn't be permitted to go down while
there's a drop of blood in the veins! A.
Linkin, I wish you well! Ef Powers or
Walcut was to pick out a model for a beau-
tiful man, I scencely think they'd sculp you;
but ef you do the fair thing by your country
you'll make as putty a angel as any of us, or
any other man! A Linkin, use the talents
which Nature has put into you judishusly
and firmly, and all will be well. A' Linkin,
adool!"

He shook me cordyully by the hand—we
exchanged picters, so we could gaze upon
each others' liniments when far away from
one another—he at the hellum of the ship
of State, and I at the hellum of the show
bizniss—admittance only 15 cents.

ARTEMUS WARD.

The immortal Raphael painted his
own face, and made, no d ubt, an excellent
likeness. Many a lady paints her own face,
and makes no likeness at all.